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FREE IN
ISSUE 30
Spooky
Pop-up



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The London Dungeon
Night Fright !

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Dracula's Guest
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PUZZLES
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DEAD GIVEAWAY

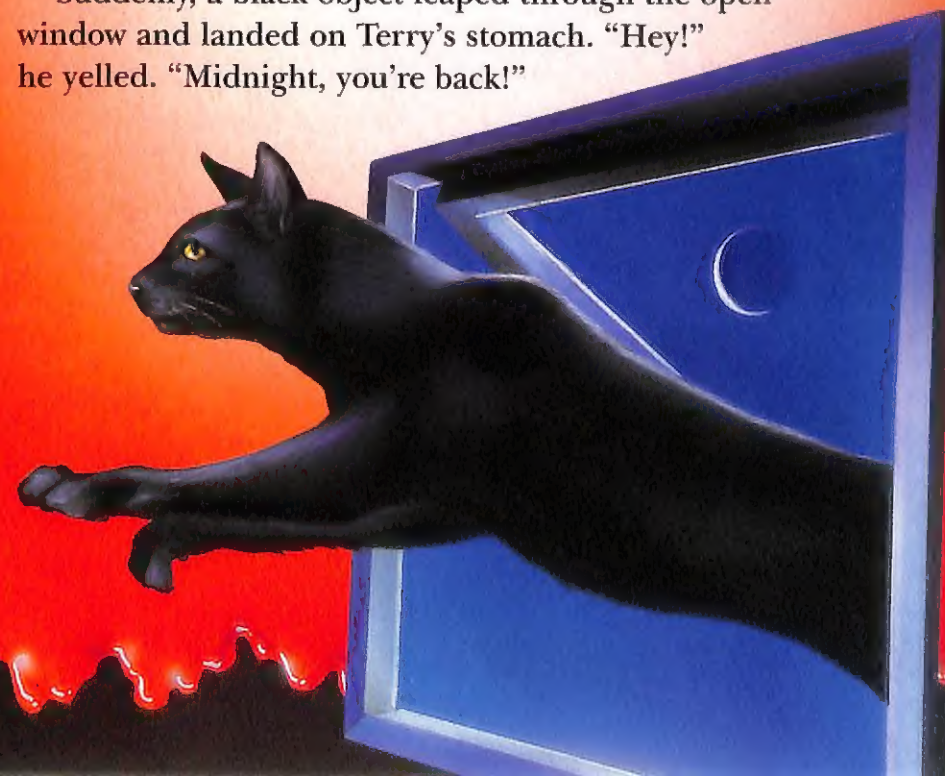


Terry woke up and looked at the clock. "Oh no," he
groaned. Time to get up already. Then he
remembered. There was no school today! He lay
back on his pillow and tried to work out how he
should feel about it. There was no school because
of Mrs. Stowe's funeral. She had been Terry's teacher. A couple
of days ago she had died in a car crash.

Terry stared at the ceiling. His ex-teacher had always
seemed to pick on him, and they had developed a mutual
dislike for each other over the year. In fact, the day she died, the
same day Midnight had run away, he had been so angry with
her he had wished something would happen to her. She had
embarrassed him in front of the whole class. When she found
out he hadn't done the homework assignment, she made
him come up to the blackboard while she made him write
it out - as though he was a first year!

When he had heard that something had happened to
Mrs. Stowe, he felt guilty. He had never wished she would be
killed, that was for sure!

Suddenly, a black object leaped through the open
window and landed on Terry's stomach. "Hey!"
he yelled. "Midnight, you're back!"



The green-eyed cat looked up at Terry from her landing pad and began purring. She had found Terry nearly a week ago. He had been walking home from school when out of nowhere Midnight had appeared. She ran right up to him and started rubbing against his leg. He examined her and she looked pretty healthy, but there was no identifying collar. He played with her for a bit, and when he came home, she followed him. He had named her Midnight because her fur was the deepest, darkest black he had ever seen. Then, just when the whole family was getting used to her, she ran away. Boy, Terry was glad to have her back!

His mother came into the room. "Well, look who's back!" she said, walking towards Midnight to stroke her. But the cat completely ignored her and nuzzled Terry's side. "Well, I guess she only has eyes for you!" Then she added, "Don't forget we're going to Mrs. Stowe's funeral today, Terry."

"Come on, Mum. How could I forget that?"

His mother smiled. "You'd find a way."



Most of the fifth class was at the funeral. Terry made sure he stood next to Scott, his best friend.

"This is pretty weird," Scott whispered half-way through the ceremony. "I mean, one day she's here making us do loads of homework, and the next day - poof!"



Terry nodded. "I know," he whispered back. "It's not like she was my favourite teacher or anything, but geez!"

"I heard she died instantly. An eyewitness said he saw a dark object run in front of the car."

"Who told you that?" Terry demanded.

Terry's mother hushed him before he got his answer, and he turned forward. The minister made a long speech about Mrs. Stowe's dedication to her pupils. He was followed by Mr. Keller, the headmaster. Terry tried not to fidget. But he really wanted to know more about what Scott had said.

After the funeral, the kids piled back into their parents' cars. Terry talked his mum into letting him and Scott walk back to the house together.

"What did you mean when you said a dark object ran in front of Mrs. Stowe's car?" Terry asked as soon as his mother was out of earshot.

"Ryan heard his dad talking about it. He said she swerved to miss it and ran right into a tree - BOOM!"

It was possible, Terry thought. After all, Ryan's dad was a policeman. "Do they have any idea what this dark object was?"

"Ryan says they don't have a clue. It was going really fast."

They reached Terry's house, and spent the rest of the morning reading comics. Scott had to go home at lunchtime to sit with his little brother. Terry flicked on the television and sat down. Soon, Midnight came into the room and curled up against his leg.

He wondered about Mrs. Stowe and shivered. No matter how stupid she made him feel, he could never have wished death on her. No, that kind of punishment had to be reserved for people who really deserved it. Like Howard, the school bully.

Terry grunted. All the kids hated Howard. He was the biggest kid in the top year, and he had a go at everybody. Once he had sent Terry home with a cut lip. And Terry had been too frightened to tell his parents what had really happened. He had told them he'd fallen over in the playground.

Yeah, he thought, nodding his head. Howard was a person who deserved to be torn to shreds!



The next day was school as usual. But when Terry got there the playground was buzzing with excitement. Scott ran over to him as soon as he saw him.

"You're not going to believe this, Terry!" Scott practically yelled. He had a wild look, and his voice sounded shaky. "Howard fell into the lion's den at the zoo and was torn to shreds!"

"He... he's dead?" Terry stammered.

"Yeah, they're saying something scared him and he fell in!"

Terry felt a chill creep over his skin, as if some unseen hand were plucking at his arm hairs. "Howard?" he asked in a low voice. "Are you serious?"

Scott was nodding like mad. "I know! I know! I didn't believe it either. But he didn't show up this morning. And then Mr. Keller came in and announced that Howard had been found dead!"



Terry listened all day to everyone buzzing about Howard's death, and as the day wore on, he found himself beginning to panic. Could it be?

He had real trouble concentrating, and was almost surprised when the bell rang at the end of the day. He got a lift home with Scott and his mother, and when he got there he practically ran inside, slamming the door.

Was it possible? No! It couldn't be! He buried his head in his hands and tried to convince himself he had nothing to do with Howard's or Mrs. Stowe's death.



His mind was racing. He couldn't help thinking about a television movie he once saw - about a man who had trouble with his memory. And at the end of the movie, the man found out that during his blackouts he had been murdering people. "Is that what's happening to me?" Terry wondered out loud.

No, that was impossible. Mrs. Stowe died in a car crash. And as for Howard... sure, he had just been thinking that it was Howard's turn for some punishment. But there was no way that he could have had anything to do with that - Howard had had an accident at the zoo.

It had to be a coincidence, Terry finally convinced himself. He felt a little better after that, and went to his room to do some homework.



The rest of the month passed uneventfully. Terry's mother left town to help out her sister, who was in hospital. Terry slowly forgot about his suspicions that he was a deranged killer who unconsciously murdered everybody he didn't like. Instead, he started to think about his friend Diane's birthday party at the end of the month. The whole year was going, and it was shaping up to be the event of the term.

The Friday before the party, everyone was making plans to meet the next day.

Terry got home and did all his homework so he wouldn't have to worry about it over the weekend. Then, because his dad still hadn't come home, he made himself a sandwich. Midnight came strolling in, and Terry chased her around the kitchen. Then she darted into the living room and began racing around with Terry in hot pursuit. Suddenly, she tore down the hall, and as Terry jumped after her he crashed against the corner of his dad's

display cabinet. He yelled and stumbled to the floor, then his blood chilled as he heard the sound of breaking glass.

He slowly turned to look. The display cabinet stood on four thin legs, and had two glass doors. Inside was his father's collection of old camera equipment. Now the case lay face down, and Terry knew with a sick feeling what he would find when he stood it up.

Sure enough, the glass doors had broken when the ancient projector had fallen against them. What Terry didn't know was whether or not he had ruined the cameras and projector as well. He cleaned up the mess as best as he could, and waited in agony until his father came home.

His father noticed the damage the minute he walked in. "What happened here?" he asked in a disturbingly quiet voice.

"I'm sorry, Dad. I was chasing Midnight and I tripped and fell against the case. It was an accident!"

His father didn't say anything right away, but walked over to inspect his collection. Then he turned to Terry. "You know better than that."

Terry hung his head. That was the worst part - he knew he wasn't supposed to run around indoors. "Yes," he admitted.

His father nodded, studying the shattered glass doors. "Well, I'll have to go and get some glass cut tomorrow. Then I'll see if I can re-hang those doors. And I think while I'm out it would be a perfect time for you to sit quietly and think about why I make rules about what you should and should not be doing in the house."

With dawning horror, Terry realised what his father was saying. "You mean, I'm grounded?" he asked in panic.

"That's exactly what I mean."

"But Dad! You can't... not tomorrow! Diane's party is tomorrow! Everybody will be there!"

"Not everybody. Because you'll be here." His father turned to look at him. "No arguments."

Terry opened and closed his mouth silently. He could feel hot tears beginning to burn his eyes. He knew it was useless to argue. He ran to his room and threw himself on the bed.

It wasn't fair! He didn't mean to knock the stupid cabinet down. His tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks. Why did his dad have to be so mean?

Midnight came in and jumped on the bed next

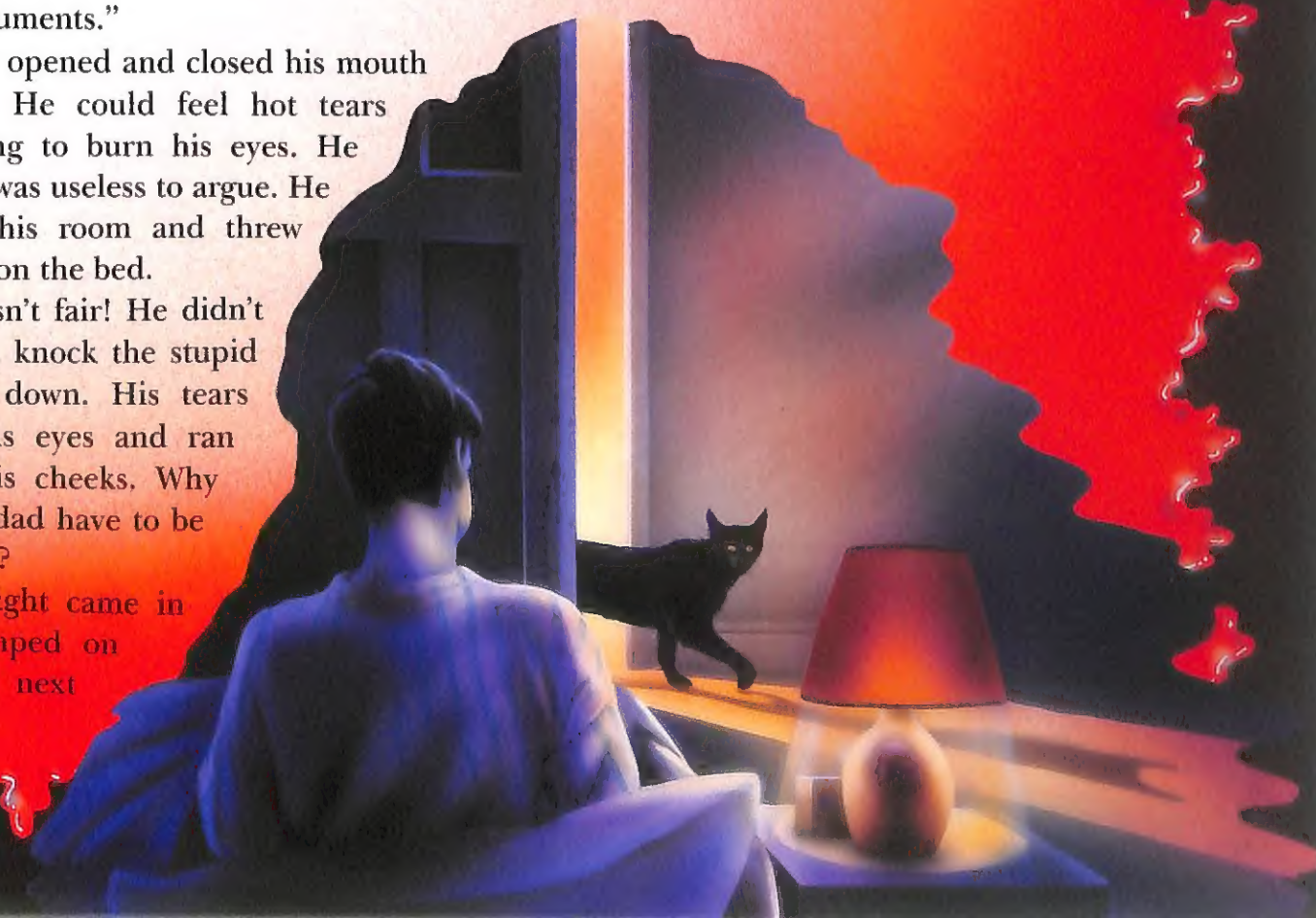
to him. Terry angrily shoved her away. "Get out of here, you stupid cat! It's all your fault." He really started to cry then.



Later, at dinner, he tried to persuade his father to change his mind. He offered to stay at home on Sunday instead, or all weekend next week. But his father wouldn't budge. Terry went to bed in a black mood and fell asleep planning to run away. That would teach his father to not be so horrible!

In the middle of the night he heard a loud thud. He opened his eyes and looked around the room. Then he switched on the light at the side of his bed.

Midnight had pushed the door open slightly and was slinking into the room. Terry watched her curiously. Some trick of the light made Midnight seem bigger than usual.



Then Terry remembered the thud. He also remembered he had gone to bed very angry at his father.

His father! Maybe that's where the thud came from. Maybe his father was in trouble! He ran out of his room and searched frantically through the house. He couldn't find his father! Just as he was thinking the thud was in his imagination, Terry saw a dim light coming from the basement. He ran to the basement door and found it wide open. He stood at the top of the stairs and looked down, afraid of what he might see.

There, crumpled in a heap at the foot of the stairs, was his father. "Dad!" Terry screamed in anguish as he raced down the stairs to his father's lifeless body.

Slowly, as he wept over his father, Terry noticed something rubbing against his leg. Then he heard the purring.

"Midnight!" he shrieked. "It's you!" He tried to grab the dark animal, now almost twice its size, but she leaped out of his reach, purring wildly.

"What are you?!" Terry cried, tears streaming down his face. He grabbed a broom-handle from behind the door. Then he swung it at the huge cat.

Midnight jumped aside and Terry missed. He was panting with fear and almost blinded by tears. But he was still able to see the change coming over the cat.

She was turning into a monster, prowling back and forth, her tail cutting through the air like a whip. And each time she turned, her body swelled even larger.

Terry threw the stick at the creature and practically flew up the basement stairs. He quickly slammed the door behind him just before the gigantic cat got through.

For a moment he stood there, gasping for breath, trying to figure out what to do. Just as he was getting his mind to accept what was happening, a crashing blow shook the basement door in its frame.

Terry jumped back and watched in terrified fascination as blow after blow hit the door. Then, with a noise like a saw blade cutting through wood, a huge black paw tore through the door. Terry backed slowly away, his mind no longer functioning. He watched the big cat try to push its way through the hole. It stood nearly as tall as Terry at its shoulders.

Terry turned to run. There was a roar from behind him and the door splintered apart. He ran into the hall bathroom and slammed the door behind him. A second later, the monster hit it from the other side.

Terry clawed frantically at the bathroom window while the cat battered at the door. Then, with a final thought that snapped his mind, he remembered that the window was barred on the outside. Numbly, he turned to face the bathroom door, just as the cat began to shoulder its way through.

THE END.



OUR HAUNTED WORLD



Hong Kong, returned to Chinese rule in 1997, has a long and haunted history full of paranormal events and grisly ghost sightings...

HAUNTED HOSPITAL

In 1980, staff at a Hong Kong hospital saw ghosts in the maternity ward. In the middle of the night, a woman working in the kitchen heard loud noises in the hallway. She ran straight away to check but found the hall empty. Puzzled, she'd just returned to her work when the noises started again. Again, she raced out to find – no one! Terrified, she tried to run away but couldn't move her feet! Another night nurse heard her scream and found her fainted on the floor.

Days later, a kitchen worker saw a woman in white looking out of a window. Thinking it was a sleepless patient, the worker went up to her. But before she could say a word, the woman turned round, revealing two empty, black, eyeless sockets. So horrific was this sight that the worker passed out cold.

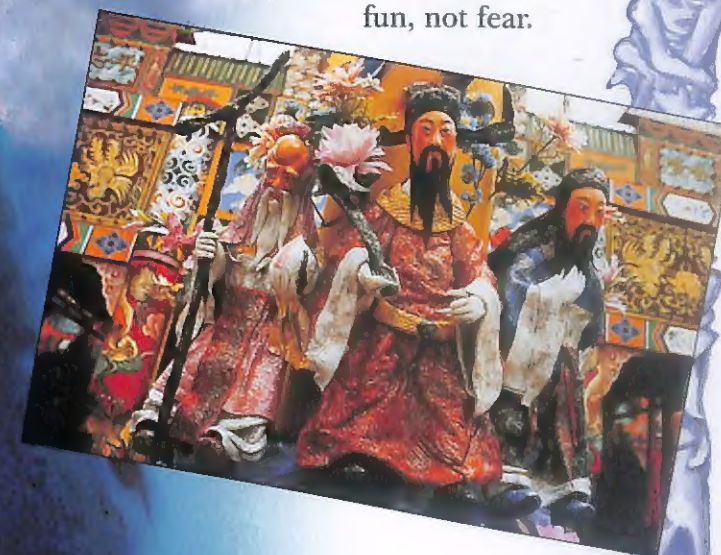
FENG SHUI ENERGY

In Hong Kong and the rest of China, people believe that for anything to be in harmony with the universe, the ancient art of *feng shui* (say: foong shway) must be used. Whether positioning a desk or a new building, feng shui alignments are used.

The natural energies of barren Hong Kong have always been thought to be bad. Then, when the British took over in 1842, the locals felt that they made things worse by building a new centre for business. Hills were flattened, lakes filled in and roads built in 'bad' places, all without using feng shui. Only when the centre was moved to a water-side spot with mountains behind it – with good feng shui energy – did the centre (left) succeed.

HONG KONG'S 'HALLOWEEN'

In late August each year, on the 15th day of the seventh moon, the Festival of the Hungry Ghosts is held (see below). It is the Chinese equivalent of All Souls' Day, and it marks the time when ghosts are released to roam the Earth. To stop the spirits making mischief, paper models of cars, houses and food are burned. This is so that the ghosts can take them back to the underworld. As with the Mexican Day of the Dead, Hong Kong's streets fill with partying people who think of roaming ghosts as a source of fun, not fear.



RESTLESS WARTIME SPIRITS

Murray House is Hong Kong's most famous haunted building. At the time when it housed a government office, staff heard weird laughter and other strange sounds. Equipment was tampered with, and unexplained, ghostly shadows flitted through the workplace.

Researchers discovered that the Japanese had used Murray House as a wartime prison. Many prisoners had suffered and lost their lives there, and their restless spirits were thought to

be haunting the place of their death. The British governors of Hong Kong arranged for the house to be exorcised by 56 Buddhist monks. Hundreds of local people stood outside during the 10-hour ceremony. Wooden fish-clappers were used to summon the spirits, then plaques, inscribed with the names of prisoners known to have died there, were burnt. This ceremony, believed to free troubled souls, seems to have worked. Ghosts were never seen again in Murray House.



IN THE DOG-HOUSE!

A friend of a friend had a pen-pal in Hong Kong...

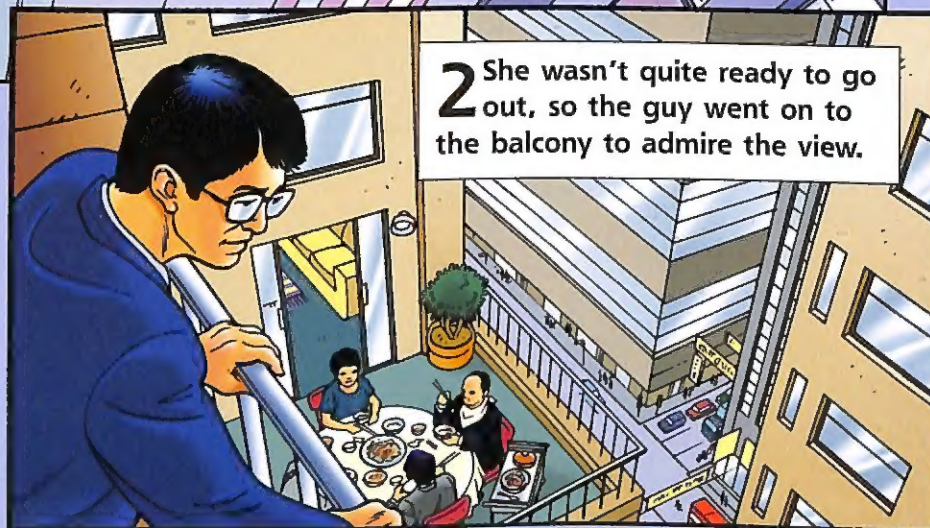
1 He was picking up his new girlfriend from her home, an apartment in a high-rise block.



3 The girl's puppy wanted to play, so he went back indoors and threw a rubber bone for it to fetch.



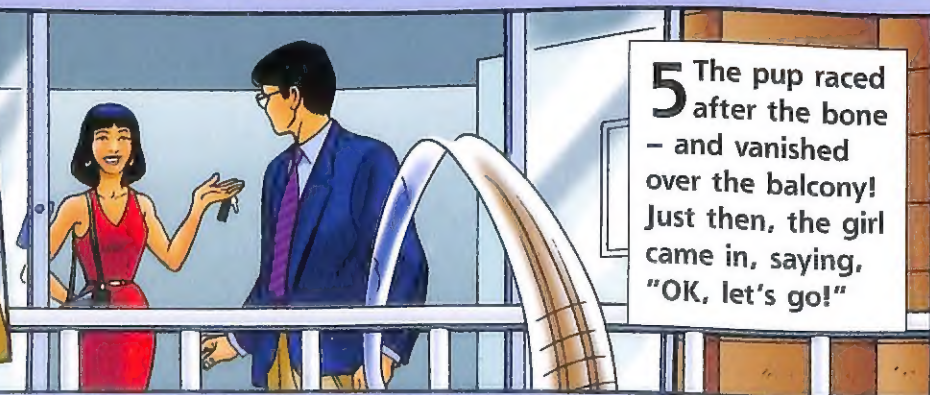
2 She wasn't quite ready to go out, so the guy went on to the balcony to admire the view.



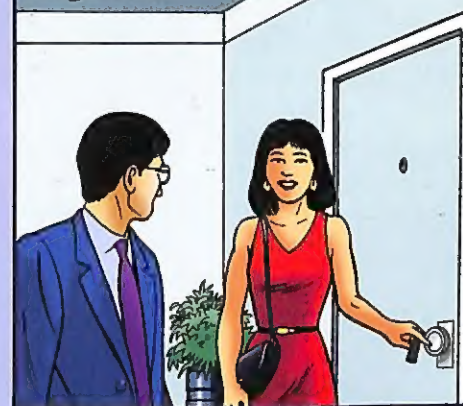
4 As the girl called out, "I'm nearly ready, but can you keep Trixie out of mischief?", the guy's aim with the rubber bone went seriously wonky!



5 The pup raced after the bone – and vanished over the balcony! Just then, the girl came in, saying, "OK, let's go!"



6 As they left the flat she said, "Trixie always sulks and hides if I go out!"



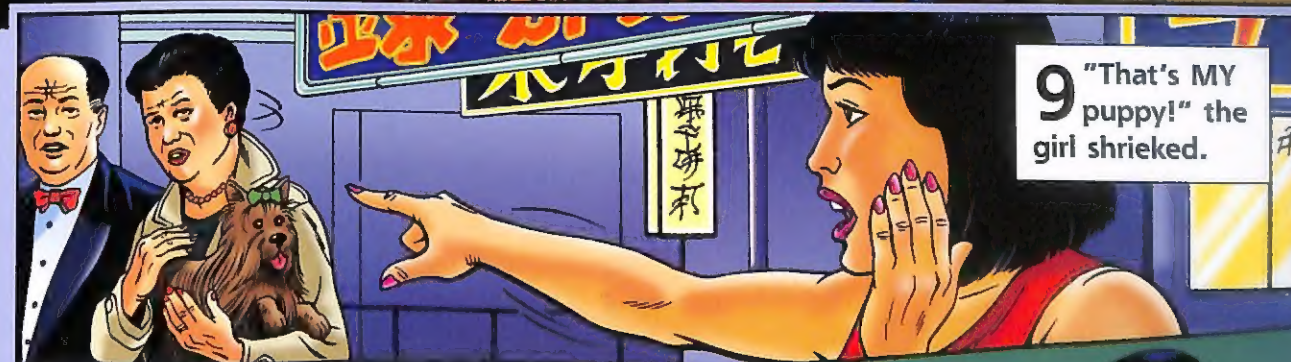
7 All evening, the guy was tortured by guilt – but how could he tell her what had happened to her puppy?



8 As they left the restaurant, a woman walked past them – carrying the puppy in her arms!



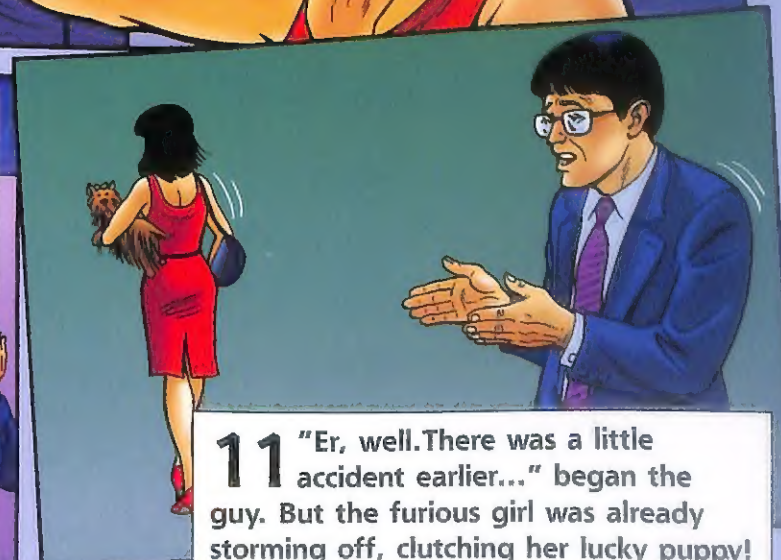
9 "That's MY puppy!" the girl shrieked.



10 "Then you should take better care of it, young lady!" the woman huffed. "We were dining on the roof when the poor darling landed in my lap!"



11 "Er, well. There was a little accident earlier..." began the guy. But the furious girl was already storming off, clutching her lucky puppy!





AVENUES OF CARNAC

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

About 6500 years ago, prehistoric humans in Carnac, France, began to erect huge stones known as megaliths. They continued for 2500 years until thousands studded the landscape. Many of the stones were menhirs – single, upright blocks. Some stood in long avenues, called alignments.

Burial chambers called dolmens were another common feature of Carnac. When first built, they were covered with earth and stones to form mounds called tumuli. But the mounds often wore away. Since the 19th century, archaeologists have been trying to work out why this ancient collection of stones was constructed.

Evidence no: 29/2
A dolmen near the Kermario alignment



CARNAC AND CHRISTIANITY

Although the stones and tumulus existed long before Christianity, there are three legends that link Carnac with Saint Cornelius, who was pope from AD251 to 253. These relate that:

- 1 A pagan army chased Cornelius to France. In Carnac, he turned the soldiers into stones.
- 2 Cornelius loaded his possessions on oxen, so became the patron saint of cattle. This is why many farmers still have their cows blessed in Carnac.
- 3 Pilgrims visiting the place where Cornelius once lived brought stones, which they piled on a hill. The stone pile became Carnac's St Michel Tumulus.

Evidence no: 29/1
An eerie dawn scene at Carnac, showing some of the alignments



Special Investigation File: 29

Subject: avenues of prehistoric stones
Place: Carnac, Brittany, France

SpineChiller creates a file

ANCIENT ALIGNMENTS

Following is my new report on Carnac's three major alignments:

1 Le Ménec

This site is 943m long and divided into two sections, east and west. Originally there were probably 12 rows of menhirs. At each end was a circle of stones called a cromlech.

2 Kermario

The Kermario alignment is about 1200m long. Its stones were arranged in 10 rows. 1029 are now standing, but many of these were put back up by archaeologists. The original cromlechs from the site no longer exist.

3 Kerlescan

Kerlescan is a jumble of about 500 stones that were once arranged in 13 rows. It is best known for its rectangular 'cromlech'.

Evidence no: 29/3
Saint Cornelius blessing cattle



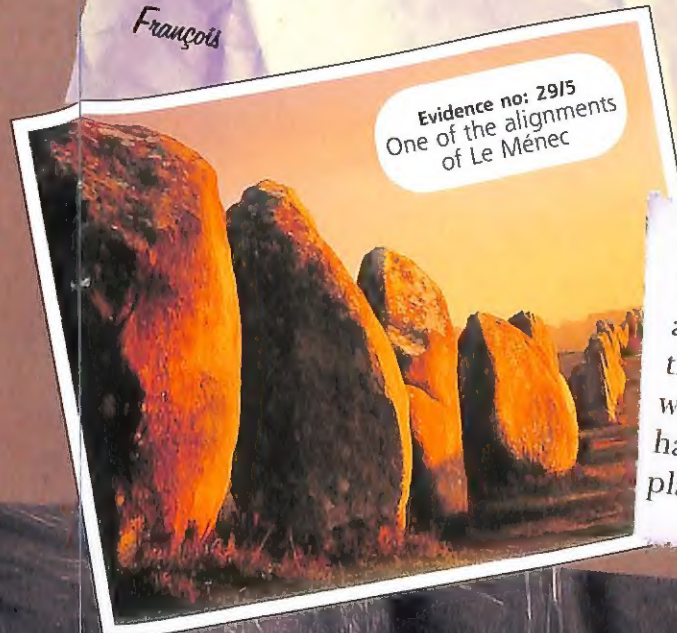
December 1983

Dear Didier

Have you heard the amazing new ideas about the purpose of the Carnac stones? Experts now think they may have been used for midsummer and midwinter rituals. Crowds perhaps filed along the great stone rows, then gathered in the cromlechs for ceremonies. Huge fires may have been lit along the route. It must have been a really magnificent sight.

Yours ever
François

Evidence no: 29/5
One of the alignments of Le Ménec



December 1974 CALENDAR AT CARNAC?

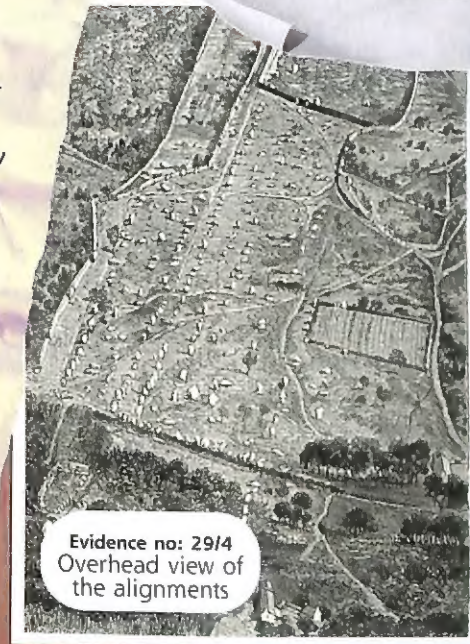
Alexander Thom, the Professor of Engineering at Oxford University, has just completed a five-year study of the amazing stones in Carnac, France.

Using the very latest technology, the professor has updated the work of many earlier archaeologists. He has now catalogued over 3000 stones. To keep up his strength, Thom, a Scotsman, ate porridge and haggis brought from home!

Professor Thom now suggests that the Carnac alignments were used to measure movements of the stars and planets across the heavens. In other words, they were a kind of giant outdoor calendar.

Unexplained

Evidence no: 29/4
Overhead view of the alignments



CONCLUSION

Experts are slowly piecing together the truth about Carnac. Now thousands of people visit the stones every year. Sadly, their feet have worn away so much soil that the authorities have fenced off much of the area. But a viewing platform still allows the sites to be seen.

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 2

THE BODY-SNATCHER

Retold from a story by Robert Louis Stevenson

The two men who had delivered the corpse looked threateningly at Fettes. Then they demanded their money and he paid them. When they had departed, Fettes examined the girl. She was, indeed, Jane Galbraith. Marks upon her body were evidence of a violent death. Panic seized him. But, after reflecting upon the danger of interference in such a business, he decided to ask the advice of his immediate superior, the class assistant.

The assistant was a young doctor, Wolfe Macfarlane, a favourite among the students. He was clever but completely unscrupulous. Fettes and he were close, often working side by side. When bodies were scarce, they drove into the country in Macfarlane's trap, stole a corpse from a graveyard, and returned before dawn.

When Macfarlane arrived, Fettes told him the story of Jane Galbraith. Macfarlane examined the corpse.

"Yes," he said, "it looks fishy."

"What should I do?" asked Fettes.

"Do? Do nothing."

"Someone might recognise her," objected Fettes.

"Well, say you didn't. And there's an end. You could get Mr K into the most unholy trouble, not to mention the rest of us. What defence would we have? Practically speaking, all our subjects have been murdered. As if you hadn't always suspected it yourself."

"Suspicion is one thing, proof another."

Macfarlane tapped the body with his cane. "Look - I'm as sorry as you are that this is here. The best thing is not to recognise it. Any man of the world would do the same. That's why Mr K chose us."

Fettes agreed to imitate Macfarlane. The girl was duly dissected, and no one appeared to know who she was.

Some weeks later, after work, Fettes dropped into a tavern and found Macfarlane with a stranger. A small, pale man with coal-black eyes, his name was Gray.

Gray somehow seemed to exercise remarkable control over Macfarlane, ordering him about and commenting



rudely on his servility. He liked Fettes, however, and confessed to him some of the evil deeds that he had committed. He appeared to be a very loathsome rogue.

"I'm bad, but Toddy here's the boy, aren't you, Toddy?"

"Don't call me that," snarled Macfarlane.

"Hear him! He'd like to practise knife-throwing on me," remarked Gray.

"We've a better way than that," said Fettes. "When we medical men dislike a dead friend, we dissect him."

Gray laughed, but Macfarlane looked up sharply at his friend. Next, Gray ordered a sumptuous feast for the three of them. Then he commanded Macfarlane to pay, which he did. It was late when they separated and Gray was incapably drunk. But Macfarlane's fury at the insults he had been obliged to swallow seemed to have kept him sober.

Fettes saw neither man the next day. However, at four the following morning, he was awakened by a knock at the door. It was Wolfe Macfarlane with his trap. In the trap was one of those ghastly packages that Fettes had come to know only too well.

"Have you been out alone?" he cried.

Macfarlane didn't answer. But, when the body was upstairs and laid out on the table, he said, "You'd better look at the face."

Fettes stared at him a moment, then did as he was asked. He had almost expected the sight that met his eyes, and yet the shock was cruel. It was Gray, dead and naked, on a coarse layer of sackcloth. Fettes was speechless.

"Richardson may be given the head," said Macfarlane grimly.

Richardson was a student who had long wanted to dissect a head. "Now, you must pay me. Your accounts must add up correctly," said Macfarlane.

Fettes cried, "Pay you! For that?"

"I daren't give it to you for nothing and you daren't take it thus. It would compromise us both. The more things are wrong, the more we must act as if all were right. Where does Mr K keep his money?"

There was an instant's hesitation, then Fettes made his decision.

"There," he answered hoarsely, pointing to a cupboard.

Macfarlane took a sum from the drawer.

"Now, enter it in your book," he said.

To avoid a quarrel with Macfarlane, Fettes did as he was told.

"And now," said Macfarlane, "it's only fair that you should pocket the lucre. I've had my share already."

"Macfarlane, I have risked hanging to oblige you."

"Oh, come now!" cried Wolfe. "You acted in self-defence. Suppose I got into trouble, where would you be? This second

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.



matter flows clearly from the first. Gray is the continuation of Jane Galbraith. You can't begin, then stop. There is no rest for the wicked."

"My God!" cried Fettes, "What have I done? When did I begin? There seemed to be no harm in taking on the post of demonstrator."

"There are lions and lambs in this life," said Macfarlane. "You're like Mr K and me. You were born to hunt. Three days from now you'll laugh at this."

With that, Macfarlane left. Fettes could see, now, how weak he had been. Once, he realised, he had controlled Macfarlane's destiny. But now he was merely his paid, helpless accomplice.

Fettes outlived his terrors, just as Macfarlane had predicted. Soon he was congratulating himself on his courage. Before the week was out, he was whispering to Macfarlane that he had joined the lions and left the lambs behind.

At length, Mr K was again short of bodies. But then news arrived of the funeral of a farmer's wife, at a place called Glencorse.

Macfarlane and Fettes, the two body-snatchers, set forth late one afternoon, well wrapped in cloaks. There was a cold, lashing rain. The young doctors stopped once, near the churchyard, to hide their tools. Then they stabled their horse at a nearby inn and sat down to the best dinner that the place could provide.

Over brandy, Macfarlane handed over a pouch of gold to Fettes.

"A compliment for you," he said.

Fettes readily accepted the money and announced:

"I was an ass till I knew you. You and Mr K between you, you'll make a man of me."

Macfarlane laughed. "I tell you, it required a man to back me up the other morning, when I brought Gray's body in."

Fettes smiled proudly. "There was nothing to gain by my dissent. And I knew I could count on your gratitude." He pocketed the gold. "Hell, God, the Devil, right, wrong – men of the world like you and me despise them. Here's to Gray!"

After dinner, they paid their bill and left the inn, taking the road toward Glencorse. There was no sound but that of their trap and the unceasing rain. Though it was pitch-dark, it was not until they reached the graveyard that they allowed themselves to light one of the trap's lanterns. Then, propping the lamp against a tree, they began their unholy labours.

Deep in the grave, the two men dug until they heard their shovels scrape on the coffin lid. But then Macfarlane hurt his hand on a stone. He angrily picked it up and flung it carelessly away. Immediately there was a crash of broken glass as it smashed the lantern. The lamp then bounced down the bank, leaving the men in almost total darkness.

The doctors were so near to finishing their task that they decided to continue in the dark. Removing the body from the coffin, they bundled it into a sack and carried it to the trap.

On the road back to Edinburgh, Macfarlane and Fettes sat side by side with their unnatural cargo propped between them. As the trap jumped among the deep ruts, the body fell upon one and then upon the other. This began to play on the nerves of the two companions. Macfarlane made some jest about the farmer's wife. Fettes did not laugh.

Fettes peered at the bundle and a chill crept into his soul. The sack seemed somehow larger than before. As they passed, farm dogs howled tragically. Fettes began to think that they were howling in fear of the hidden corpse.

"For God's sake," said he, "let's have a light!"

Macfarlane, terrified, stopped the horse immediately and got down. It was not easy to light the remaining lamp in

WORD POWER

unscrupulous – without principles; immoral

trap – a two-wheeled, horse-drawn carriage

servility – slave-like behaviour; submissiveness

sumptuous – splendid; extravagant

compromise – expose to suspicion or risk

lucre – money

dissent – disagreement; refusal

commotion – upheaval; agitation

the darkness and pouring rain. Eventually, the wick's flickering flame shed a wide circle of misty brightness around the trap. Only then did it become possible for the two young men to see each other and their ghastly burden.

Macfarlane stood quite motionless. Fettes was full of dread, as horror mounted in his brain.

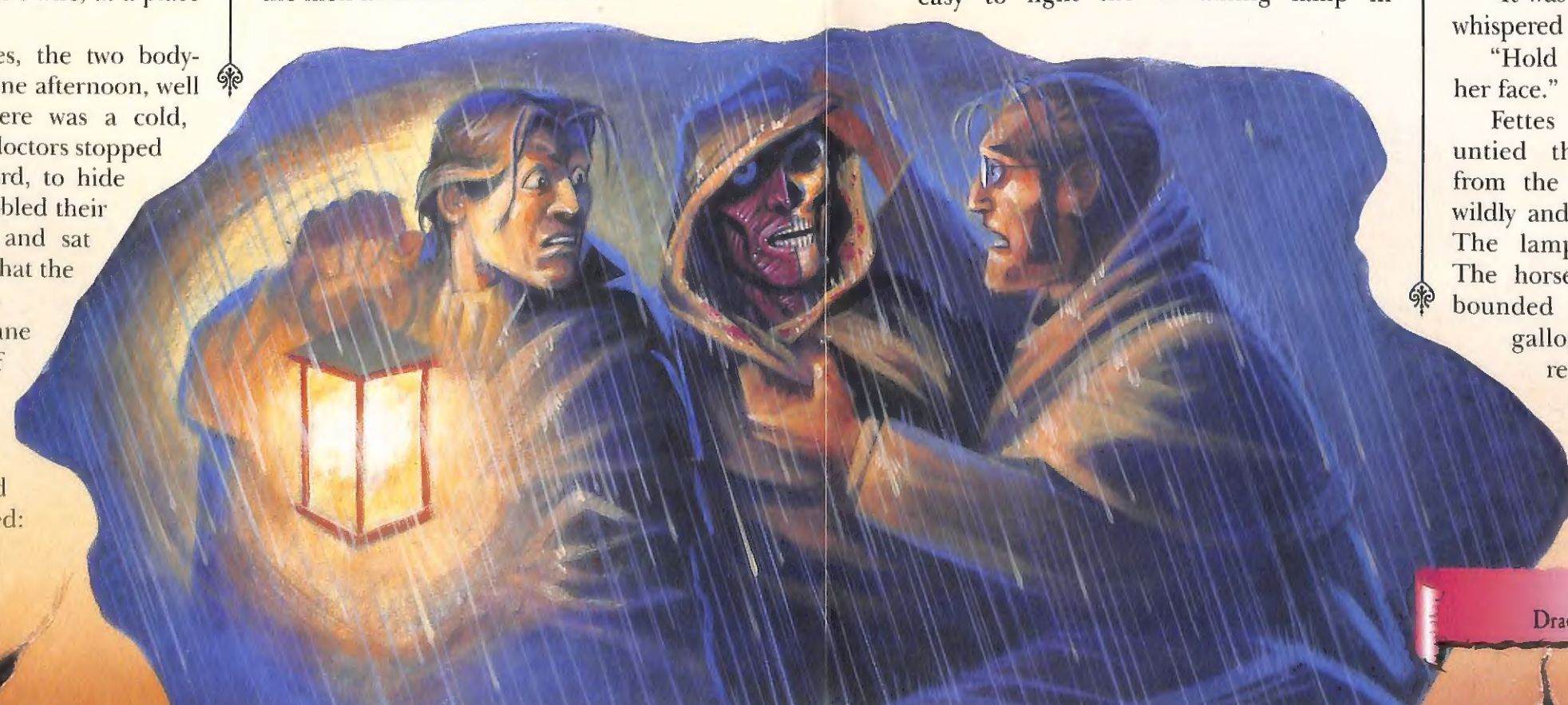
"This is not a woman," said Macfarlane.

"It was a woman when we put her in," whispered Fettes.

"Hold that lamp up high, I must see her face."

Fettes took the lamp. Macfarlane untied the sack and drew it down from the head. Then each man yelled wildly and leaped down into the roadway. The lamp fell, broke and went out. The horse, terrified by the commotion, bounded off toward Edinburgh at a gallop. With him went the sole remaining occupant of the trap – the dead and long since dissected Mr Gray.

THE END



NEXT ISSUE:

Dracula's Guest by Bram Stoker



DUNGEON PUZZLES

WANT A HAND?

Some of the previous occupants of the dungeon have been left hanging around so long that no one can remember who they were. There is a clue to the identity of one of the hanging skeletons. Can you spot it and reveal his or her identity?

HAIR TODAY

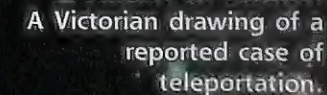
One of the dungeon dwellers is so bored that he has pulled out some hairs from his long beard to make up a sum. Can you help him get it right just by moving five hairs?

CRAZED CARVINGS

The prisoners have been carving on the candles. What will they carve on the last one?

FIENDISH FACTS

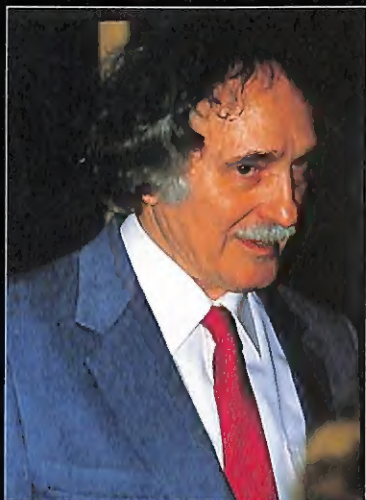
Ivan the Terrible was responsible for countless deaths. At Novgorod, 60,000 people were killed in a five-week orgy of killing. Ivan built a chute from his torture dungeons into the Volkhov River down which he tipped the still-living torture-victims, who were then hacked to death by his servants. The river ran red. After that he moved on to Pskov and started again.



SPOOKY POST

In the 1970s a group in Missouri, USA, claimed to have harnessed supernatural powers to produce all sorts of psychic events. Teleporting was one of them. They built a special 'mini-lab' and securely padlocked it. But still things moved of their own accord!

What's even more bizarre is that unstamped, but addressed, letters turned up at their destinations. Sometimes the letters arrived with stamps on them from foreign countries!



▲ FROM SKY TO SCREEN

Psychic investigator Andrija Puharich (above) claimed that when Uri Geller (right) was around, things had a habit of disappearing and reappearing somewhere else.

MATTERS OF MYSTERY

The magician Uri Geller is not just famous for moving metal. He can move animals and briefcases about too! Most remarkable was the time when he went round to see his psychic investigator friend Andrija Puharich. They were in the kitchen with Andrija's dog, when it disappeared in front of their eyes! They tracked it down 65m from the house!

When Puharich's briefcase went missing from his New York home, it turned up in his home in Israel.

The two friends worked well together it seemed. When Uri wanted to get to Andrija's house for dinner, he would teleport himself there! Sadly, when the friendship fizzled out, the strange teleporting experiences also stopped.



▲ "BEAM ME UP..."

Teleporting is the only way to travel in science fiction. In the TV series Star Trek, people are beamed from one place to another.

NOW YOU SEE IT

How is it that ice, fish, frogs and coins can fall from the skies when they clearly don't belong there? These strange, paranormal happenings have all been associated with teleporting. Who is responsible? As yet, nobody knows. Poltergeist hauntings often include reported cases of teleporting. When a cheeky spirit takes control of a household, all sorts of strange things can happen. Objects mysteriously move from one location in the home to another. During the 1930s at Borley Rectory, stones seemed to fall from nowhere, inside the home.

COULD IT BE TRUE?

There are no theories to explain how a human being or any object could be taken apart, transported to another location and then reassembled. This still seems to be the stuff of science fiction. Nevertheless, teleporting happenings are not going away – they're moving on!

